E 660
.D5
Copy 1

SPEECHES

OF

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D.

At the Dinner Given by the Pilgrims Society of New York to the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of London, on October 15, 1907,

At the Dinner Given by the Lotos Club to Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans on November 2, 1907,

At the Dinner of the Hungry Club of New York on December 28, 1907,

At the Annual Dinner of the Automobile Club in New York, on January 25, 1908.

Compliments of Chauncey M. Depew

At the Dinner Given by the Pilgrims Society of New York to the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of London, on October 15, 1907.

At this meeting in compliment to the Bishop of London Mr. W. Butler Duncan presided. The speeches of welcome were made by Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for President in the last election, and Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and the farewell by Senator Depew.

MR. PRESIDENT, MY LORD BISHOP,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We Pilgrims are delighted to greet our brother from England. The vigorous and inspiring work of the Bishop of London in the under world of that metropolis has been known to us for years. Its breezy optimism and admirable results have been lessons for our own labors in similar fields.

We have all been deeply interested in the eloquent speech of our friend Judge Parker and the charming American spirit in which he alluded to his late contest for the Presidency of the United States as the candidate of the Democratic party. When he said, however, that he would not in any way except this "talk politics" I was in doubt. I knew he meant it, and

also how uncontrollable is the habit. He must have had in mind the recent tragedies in the Republican party when he made the remark, which it was only possible for a Democrat to make, that a little of the inspiring fluid taken in moderation did not alarm him. There was also one remark in the instructive and illuminating address which we have heard from the Bishop which never would have been made by an American in public life in these times of fervid agitation and legislation, when he frankly admitted he enjoyed riding in a private car and upon a pass.

We owe a debt to our newspapers for the enterprise with which they present every morning to their readers a photograph of the political, religious, literary and scientific activities among English-speaking peoples. It does more than diplomacy or conventions or conferences to promote peace and bring us together. We have been for at least two decades as familiar with the daily walk, characteristics, life and achievements of the statesmen, preachers and scientists of Great Britain as our own. This practice has within the last decade entered English journalism, and now our kin across the sea know more about us than ever before.

We have become accustomed to having the ubiquitous reporter meet a well-known Englishman at the New York quarantine and demand in advance his views of the politics and characteristics of the people he has come to visit. There is a bit of Yankee shrewdness in this. He can say only nice things of those who are to be his hosts, and what he may say or write afterward does not count.

There is this difference between the American and the English reporter: The American wants ideas of our country; the Englishman never asks the opinion of the traveler upon anything English, but seeks information as to the prospects of our crops, our financial situation, the tendency of the stock market and who will be the next President.

Ten years ago when I arrived in London I would receive a letter from the managers of the newspapers requesting a date for their representatives to call, and the reporters would submit their manuscript before publication. Now no American is safe on arrival either at Queenstown, Plymouth, Liverpool or Southampton from the scribe and the camera fiend.

American literature and the stage of both countries

have presented the Englishman as self-centered, unemotional and unsympathetic upon all occasions, tragic or otherwise. But I was fortunate in being present at the historic reception given this summer by the Pilgrims of London to Mark Twain. I never had seen the political idol of the hour in our country received with more spontaneous cordiality or more wild enthusiasm than was our great humorist by these representative Englishmen. The audience warmed to Mark in a way that melted him, and they caught on to his jokes.

Such gatherings as the one at the Savoy hotel in London and this at the Plaza here to-night surpass, in all that makes for the good fellowship that promotes the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain, the anti-warlike and disarmament propositions at The Hague eloquently discussed, tentatively considered and timidly suppressed or defeated.

Many years ago I met an enthusiastic fellow countryman in London who said he had postponed his return home in order to be on hand and witness one of the great events in history, when the Throne should be changed for the Presidency, the House of Lords

abolished and the Church disestablished. I said, "How long have you postponed your trip in order to witness this cataclysm?" He said, "Six weeks." This American no longer exists, except among the very young.

A sweet girl graduate from one of New England's famous colleges who had been educated on Webster's oration at Bunker Hill and the histories of my distinguished friend, Senator Cabot Lodge, was this summer in London pleasing an eminent English statesman at a dinner one night by her freshness and brightness. He finally said to her, paying the highest compliment in his repertoire, "Well, my dear, you know we are one." She answered, "Nothing of the kind. We are one in no way except that you speak our language."

When we visit England we go to London, which is more than any other city the metropolis of the world. There we meet every variety of character and genius of the English, the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh. We also meet all that there is of distinction of every race and nationality in the world. It is a liberal education and dissolves provincialism, and promotes the common citizenship of this old earth. But we in this

country have many capitals. To understand us the stranger visiting our shores must see them all. Their differences are illustrated by an old story, and I have found that the older the story the fewer there are who have heard it. The Boston man in Heaven said to Saint Peter, "I see nothing here which is better than Boston;" while the Chicago man remarked to his guide in the other world, "I had no idea that Heaven was so much like Chicago," and the guide grimly answered, "But this is not Heaven."

The foreigner who stays in New York sees the people in our country through glasses before one of which is terrapin and the other canvasback duck. These unequaled native delicacies are American, but they are not the United States.

It is the habit of all people to compare the distinguished men of other countries with those of their own. The highest compliment an Englishman can pay to an American is to say that he resembles in charm, tactfulness and talent for affairs the peacemaker of Europe, who has done more than all the diplomats to avert war and advance the best interests of his own kingdom, King Edward. The German

exhausts his vocabulary of compliment when he says that our President is remarkably like the Kaiser. I think that we will all admit that there is a general and remarkable resemblance in the characteristics of the Kaiser, President Roosevelt and the Lord Bishop of London.

It is seldom that the world stands still even for an hour in these busy days of the universal intercommunication of intelligence, but the feat of Joshua when he commanded the sun and moon to stand still has been recently surpassed. For nearly a week the British Premier's movement against the House of Lords did not interest Great Britain. The trusts, predatory wealth and the stock market received no attention in the United States. We were on tiptoe of anxious inquiry on both sides of the Atlantic to discover who won that game of lawn tennis. The world was relieved when the Bishop with charming frankness said, "I did." But we can assure him and his countrymen that in this contest with our President there are other fields of activities yet to be tried. I am quite sure the Bishop has not shot a bear.

Our guest has come to us on one of the most

important missions. As history goes we are not an old nation, but there are events in the story of our growth which exceed in their results the evolution of the ages.

Three hundred years ago the first English colonists settled at Jamestown and brought with them their Church. The Bishop comes with a message from that ancient Church to her daughter in the United States and lays upon the altar of the sacred edifice erected three centuries ago in the wilderness of Virginia the Bible presented by the King. We may differ widely in our interpretation of the Bible; some may doubt its inspiration, but all will admit that it has been the great welding power in the civilization and comradeship of English-speaking peoples. On both sides of the Atlantic it carries through life the best inspiration and tenderest memories of kindred, family and home. All literature has not contributed so much as this fountain of noble and lofty expressions and of English undefiled. But the most valuable and cherished message which the Bishop has brought is the Bishop himself. The principles enforced in his sermons and his healthy activities in the public

interests are singularly in touch and harmony with American thought and work.

In bidding him farewell with our best wishes for a pleasant voyage, we hope his visit is only an introduction preceding many returns. We were interested in what we read of him, but the better we know him the more we want of him.

At the Dinner Given by the Lotos Club to Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans on November 2, 1907.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

It is a rare pleasure to escape even for an evening from the troubled waters of finance to the safe and peaceful waves upon which our navy gloriously floats; and, speaking of trouble, it is the distinction of the Admiral that he has never avoided it anywhere and has always beaten it.

There is a story current in Washington which probably is not true but so characteristic as to be generally believed. The officers of the navy are always religious on Sunday morning. Wherever they may be on shore or afloat they go to church. It is reported that Admiral Evans, being in New York, entered a fashionable church near his hotel and somehow escaped the watchful sexton and seated himself comfortably in the corner of one of the best pews. The owner and his wife coming in discussed with each other in great

indignation this intrusion of a stranger upon their sacred preserves. The pewholder finally wrote on his card, handed it to his wife, who nodded her approval, and passed it on to the Admiral. It read, "Do you know, sir, that I pay one thousand dollars a year for this pew?" The Admiral promptly wrote underneath and passed it back. "You pay a damned sight too much. Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N." I am sure when the recording angel grasped the situation that in his laughter at the discomfiture of the Pharisee his tears blotted out the expletive.

We have Pharisees in the Church, in the professions, in business, in public life, and sometimes even in journalism, but I never have known a distinguished officer of brilliant record, either in the army or the navy, who claimed that he was better, or braver, or greater than his associates and who did not most generously accord to each his full meed of merit. "I am holier than thou" is happily not one of the characteristics of those honorable professions the Navy and the Army.

On the worst day of the panic when money was impossible for the millionaire or the working man to

get, I walked into a book store. Books are luxuries and not salable in panics. I was the only prospective customer. The salesman finally forced upon me a series of volumes I did not want, nor would any one else, when I heard a fellow salesman whisper to him, "I think the proper thing for you to offer the Senator would be the works of Charles Lamb." In no stress of weather during his long life has our open-minded, open-hearted and red-blooded guest ever been a lamb or fooled by a lemon.

The point of our compliment to-night is to the men who do things. We have passed many an evening in this club honoring gentlemen who speak or write things. In the last analysis those whose business it is to act save the day. It was the speeches of Adams, Otis and Patrick Henry which brought on the Revolutionary War, but it was Washington and his Continental army who won the battle. It was Wendell Phillips, Garrison and Wade preaching anti-slavery in the North and Jefferson Davis, Toombs and Benjamin advocating secession in the South which brought on the Civil War, but it was Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and the Grand Army on land

and Farragut and Porter and the Navy on the seas which saved the republic.

We have just passed through a crisis surpassing in perils to business that of '57, of '61, of '73, of '84 and of '93, all of which I witnessed. The internal interchange in production and manufactures in the United States surpasses that of all the rest of the world. Less than five per cent. of it is done with money and more than ninety-five per cent. with credit. In this fabric of national credit is every bank, every railroad, every manufactory and every department of capital, labor, wages and employment in the country. For two days it seemed as if it might tumble about our ears and the consequence be more disastrous than any ever before known upon this continent, but the day was saved by the pluck, courage and genius for affairs of the men who do things.

The late William C. Whitney, when Secretary of the Navy, happily and farsightedly inaugurated the beginning of the building of a fleet which should be commensurate with our position and power among nations. This has progressed under the influence of Roosevelt until now we are nearly, if not quite,

second among naval powers. A navy is to protect the coasts of its country and its commerce. Our coast on the mainland is practically impregnable, our distant colonial possessions are dependent upon our navy, but we are alone among the great industrial peoples in having no across-ocean mercantile marine and no foreign commerce under the American flag. The merchant ships of Great Britain and Germany which are sailing upon every sea would in case of war be convoyed by battle ships, cruisers, torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers. From the mercantile marine of these countries would be drafted into their navies as auxiliaries a vast fleet of merchant vessels equipped with every modern appliance, and especially constructed for naval purposes. We would have practically none. We are compelled to rely on alien vessels to coal and supply the fleet about to sail for the Pacific under the command of our guest. I remember when a youth the pride which every American boy had in the clipper ships, which surpassed in speed all others and gave to us a position equal if not superior to any upon the ocean. I remember when iron succeeded wood how

the Collins line of American steamers, still in the front as to speed and efficiency, maintained the pride and power of the American flag upon the seas. But when the policy of the United States was changed and our mercantile marine was dropped by our government, while that of European countries was sustained, our flag disappeared in foreign commerce. It was once our proud boast that there was no port in the world where we were not honorably represented, and now the American traveler can belt the globe, and go in and out of its oceans and seas, and in and out of the ports of Asia, Africa and Europe without once seeing from the masthead of the crowded shipping the emblem of his country. The supremacy of the seas has gone to England in the Lucania, to Germany in the Deutschland and to France in the Savoie.

The tradition and glories of the seas have come down through countless generations. Nothing so much interests peoples of every country as achievement upon the waters. A hundred thousand Englishmen cheered the Lusitania when she started upon her trial trip and thousands of Americans applauded

her when she had won the trophy and docked in New York. But she was a British vessel built with the assistance of money contributed from the treasury of the British Government. The Mauretania, still larger and still faster, was cheered last week upon her trial trip by hundreds of thousands of English and Irish, and she too, when arriving in New York and winning the trophy for speed and superiority, will be hailed by thousands of Americans. The Germans are building still larger and still faster vessels and the competition if successful will receive the applause of the Germans and the cheers of the Americans. But, where are we? Even Norway and Belgium are our superiors. We are a protectionist country protecting every article in which is invested capital or labor, but we are free traders on the ocean. England is a free-trade country, but recognizing that commerce is her life blood she is protected to the backbone upon the seas. Foreign nations can construct and run their ships at nearly one-half less than we can because of our higher wages, and they have subsidies besides. Money to the amount of less than the cost of a single battleship annually contributed to our mercantile

marine would make us equal in cost of building and operating with other countries, and American energy, enterprise and genius could be relied upon to do the rest.

Our post office advertises that letters for South America will be mailed by the steamers leaving on certain dates for English ports, there to be transferred to English vessels for South America.

Secretary Root made a most brilliant and successful expedition among the southern republics and did more for our diplomacy with them than any statesman in our history, and yet except for better and more permanent political relations it will be barren of results, because trade follows the flag and our flag does not go between North and South America except upon a few ships to a few ports.

We glory in our navy, but some of us at least cannot help mourning that one of its most useful purposes, the promotion, extension and protection of our commerce, can have no possible place in its operations. Oh! for the return of the day when Americans can be proud and happy because the position of their clipper ships has been regained by their steamships.

This dinner is a hail and farewell to the gallant Admiral upon his voyage to the Pacific ocean. The commotion which this expedition has created, and the discussion it has aroused all over the world, is one of the eccentricities of the times. We have three thousand miles of coast on the Atlantic, and its harbors are familiar with our fleet. We have many more miles on the Pacific and most of its harbors have never seen an American battleship, or known the inspiration and education of an American man-of-war at their docks. Midway in the Pacific are our Hawaiian islands and nearest to the Orient the Philippines. China, the great market of the future for industrial countries producing a surplus from their workshops, feels more friendly to us than to all others because in the matter of the indemnity which was exacted for the losses in the Boxer War the United States alone kept only what was due and honorably returned the balance. The Chinaman, as all know, as a merchant is the most honorable trader in the east. His word is as good as his bond, and nothing reaches or impresses him so much as commercial honesty in other nations and peoples. And yet, if these pessimists are right,

the harbors on the Pacific coast whose boys and girls might be inspired with patriotism by the presence of an American fleet must not see the flag. Honolulu and the Philippines, which can only be protected and maintained in case of trouble by an American fleet, must not know by observation that we have one. And the Orient, which believes only what it sees, must not be reminded of the fact that the United States is second among the naval powers of the world. Why! Why! Can our fleet sail only on the Atlantic ocean? Why! must it not sail on the Pacific ocean? The answer is because it would offend the susceptibilities of the new power in the east—Japan. In the first place, I believe that the Japanese statesmen are too sensible and too well informed to have any such feeling, or to desire trouble with the United States. In the next place, where any fleet of any friendly nation goes, ours can go if it likes, and it is no one's business but our own. Curiously enough there is precedent in our history as the youngest among naval nations for warning us off different seas. We were told during the Revolutionary War that if we attempted

to have a navy our ships would be treated as pirates and their officers hung. And yet that idea was defeated gloriously and decisively by the father of the American navy, Commodore Paul Jones.

Just before and after the beginning of the nineteenth century, or say a little over a hundred years ago, the moors of Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli warned us that they would be deeply offended if our navy entered the Mediterranean. They then insisted that our merchant ships should pay tribute for navigating that sea. As a result we paid eighty thousand dollars to Morocco for this permit and forty thousand to Algiers for the release of American seamen who had been captured and held as slaves, and an annual tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars besides, and then we presented to the Dey of Algiers a ship of war which cost us a hundred thousand dollars. When the subsidy for 1800 was sent in the frigate George Washington, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, the Dey ordered his own tribute to the Sultan of Turkey, consisting of slaves mainly, to be taken on board and carried to Constantinople, and that the American flag should be hauled down and

his own hoisted in its place. The American consul made Bainbridge agree to this, and that splendid naval officer swore that if he ever again was asked to undertake such a mission he would deliver it at the mouth of his guns. The American spirit was at last aroused and our navy let loose. It was not long before Bainbridge, Decatur, Hull and Rogers forever settled the question of the right of the American navy to sail over the Mediterranean the same as the ships of war of any other nation.

In 1812 Great Britain disputed the equal privileges of the United States upon the Atlantic Ocean. Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and Decatur, and Hull, and Bainbridge again on the Atlantic, established forever the unquestioned right of the American flag on its ships of war, and on its merchantmen to be unmolested on the Atlantic. And now in this year of Grace one thousand nine hundred and seven, after a century of preparation, of production, of progress and of power, it is proposed to close to us the Pacific, in which we have as great interests as any other nation. Gentlemen, there will be no war. After this expedition the American navy will be able to sail where it

is ordered, and when the United States Government thinks it expedient, without any question being raised on any pretext of sensitiveness or hostility.

The President of the United States sends to the Senate for confirmation his appointments of judges of our courts, ambassadors, ministers and consuls. He sends also for confirmation his appointments and promotions of officers of our Army and Navy. The wisdom of these appointments is often questioned in the Senate. But there was an announcement in the paper this week which pleased every member of that body without regard to party. It was that the office of Vice-Admiral would be created and the President would send in to fill that supreme commission the name of our guest of to-night, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.

At the Dinner of the Hungry Club of New York on December 28, 1907.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is a great pleasure to meet here such a unique and original organization. Your President, Miss Sheridan, is always unique and ever original, so any organization over which she presides must possess these characteristics. I thought at first that my invitation to be the guest of honor at the Hungry Club was due to the reputation I had acquired in fifty years of attendance at public dinners of an inappeasable appetite, and that my hosts wanted to teach me how much more economical, satisfactory and healthy it is to believe you have dined than to eat a square meal. My wife asked me before coming to you whether I had not better dine beforehand or have something ready to appease hunger when I returned home, but if she saw the abundance you have on your menu her anxiety would be relieved. I have discovered, however, happily for me, that the true secret of longevity is to be at such dinners as often as possible, but never

outside of one. Life insurance and medical statistics demonstrate that more people die from overeating than all other causes combined. At the public dinner, especially where, as a rule, the guests are selected people of special charm and brilliancy, men shovel with reckless inattention each of the many courses as they come along into an overloaded stomach, and suffer the consequences. Few of these convivial friends of mine passed the sixty-year limit. The veterans who are here because they have been wise and prudent I can count on the fingers of one hand.

I was given a dinner once by a friend who wished to pay me for the many favors I had been glad to extend. The guests were ideal, the dinner the best, and prepared by the most distinguished chef in New York, and the wines the oldest and rarest from his own cellar and those of his friends. I was then following the invariable rule when frequently dining out of confining myself to the roast and little wine and playing a knife-and-fork tune of hospitality with the rest of the courses to deceive the host. Grieved and disappointed, he took me to task for not appreciating an entertainment to which he had devoted so much time,

thought and expense. Then I told him my rule for combining this sort of pleasure with the retaining of a clear head and ability for good work during the social season. He said, "Well, I never could do that. I go to a dinner like this four times a year. I enjoy myself beyond words eating and drinking everything that is offered, and then stay in bed or in the house for a week." That doesn't pay.

I was on my way one night to a dinner at Delmonico's. In the street-car a man sitting opposite looked at me curiously for a few minutes (I never had seen him before) and then said, "Mr. Depew, will you dine out to-night?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "we were talking about you at dinner this evening at our boarding-house, and the landlady said suggestively, 'I would like to board Chauncey Depew, because he never dines at home.'"

One of the most witty, versatile and able of the members of the House of Representatives told me that he began life in the humblest way and had the hardest kind of a struggle during his early years. At one time he could find no other employment than that of waiter in the hotel of a Western city. Tired of

that, he succeeded, by the use of freight-trains and riding on trucks of passenger-cars, in getting across the Rockies to the Pacific coast. When he was elected to Congress he passed through this same city and stopped at the hotel where he had once served at the table. The waiter behind his chair was the one who had been his partner and room-mate in the old days, and was doing all that could be thought of in the way of attention which should suggest a liberal tip. When he turned around and spoke to his old friend the waiter gasped, nearly fainted, and then said, "Is it possible it is you, Bob? How did you get by the clerk?" The Congressman said, "Yes, old man, it is me. When I left here I went West, studied law and am now a Congressman on my way to Washington." His friend threw up both hands and said, "Good Lord, why didn't I go West!"

Some years ago I enjoyed the contrast of dining on succeeding nights with a company of tramps and a multi-millionaire. The rich man, who possessed more millions than I had years, said to me when his splendid banquet was over: "I am the unhappiest man alive. During my early life I worked hard,

heartily enjoyed the table, and slept well. Now there is no one in my employment who does not have a better time than I do. My stomach has gone back on me, the doctor gives me no hope of improvement, and with this has come insomnia and I cannot sleep. To see my guests (and I try to have only those who will enjoy good things) appreciating what my cook does is a great pleasure, but while the courses come and go I am rigidly confined to my toast, tea and milk, and feel that I am in the position of that old fellow, whose name I cannot recall, but who gave to our language the word 'tantalize.'" The next evening was Christmas eve. One of the great journals of New York had decided to make a sociological experiment by giving a Christmas dinner to the unfortunates who stand at midnight in a line stretching for blocks from the door of Fleischman's bakery, each waiting his turn to receive the loaf of bread which Fleischman gives to those who ask every night. The representatives of the newspaper—a young man and young woman who were familiar with the work—went over and selected a hundred from those who were waiting, and one by one they came into the dining-room of the hotel. I

had been asked to preside. I went in full regalia, an evening costume with a rose in the buttonhole, feeling that I could pay them no better compliment than to dine with them in the same guise as would have been customary at Delmonico's or Sherry's. The dinner was abundant and thoroughly enjoyed. A lean and hungry Cassius-looking ex-school-teacher who sat opposite me was helped five times to the turkey, got outside of seven pieces of pie and drank six brimming cups of coffee. It was a difficult crowd to address, but I took for my theme, Christmas at home in the country in boyhood days, with its lesson of hope and dismissal of despair. That brought out a number of speeches of unusual excellence, everyone accepting and enforcing the idea of starting a new life from this touch of human sympathy. Several of the crowd were college graduates, one was a clergyman, one a naval engineer and many were experts and proficients in different lines of industry. With only one exception there were no victims of bad habits. They had come to this great maelstrom of New York to better their condition, had failed, spent their earnings and were ashamed either to return home, acknowledg-

ing their failure, or to appeal for help. None of them applied to me for assistance, but I heard afterward of many who from that night thanked God, took courage and won out. One was an Anarchist who said that he was doing very well, and was in the crowd to preach his doctrines to an audience which he thought would be peculiarly receptive. He grimly said, when leaving, if I had not turned out to be, in his judgment, a good fellow, he intended to emphasize the meeting by killing me. That experience confirmed for me what I have learned by long experience, that the camaraderie of the dinner-table for friendship, for social enjoyment and for mission work in any line has marvelous power and inspiration.

What a glorious thing it is to have been born in the country. I remember—and doubtless you from the farms recall similar experiences—how supper tasted after a day in the fields or woods, or along the brooks, or fishing, rowing or skating. When I was a boy, after an old-fashioned country ball-game we would sit down under the best tree in my grandfather's orchard, fill our straw hats to the brim with apples, eat every one, and still be able to diminish the larder at

the evening meal. I pity the city boy who knows not those delights of rough living in the country which build up constitutions that survive all shocks and stomachs capable of resisting all trials. The country boy has a dreamless sleep and a fresh awakening, and neither Bunker Hill Monument nor his ancestors sit on him during the night.

There are many kinds of hunger. The most conspicuous exhibit at the present time is the eager appetite for the Presidency of the United States. I am always in doubt which candidates want it most, those who profess their desire or those who coyly deny any such ambition. It is the most honorable place in the gift of any people, but the candidates assume the maiden's air and ways. Some are leap-year candidates, and propose; others say they are willing to be drafted; others that they do not want nor seek, but will obey the solemn voice of the people; while still others, believing that everything comes to him who hustles while he waits, keep their lightning-rods high in the air. We have had many elections when it was of vital importance to the best interests of the Republic who was elected. We have fallen now,

however, upon times when radicalism has largely accomplished its purposes and secured its legislation, and the people desire to await the results of the experiments before trying other new schemes; so that, while some Presidents would be far better than others, the country will progress to a greater or less degree, dependent on the man and the party, whoever wins.

In fifty-odd years upon the platform and meeting the public I have seen many phases of hunger for fame. I was reading this afternoon just before coming here the letters of the Roman statesman and orator, Cicero. They were collected shortly after his death and have come down to us. They prove that human nature was precisely the same, and that there was just as much of it two thousand years ago as to-day. He frequently remarks that he wants the applause of his contemporaries as well as immortality through coming generations. When he was driven from power into exile and his property seized, his letters are one long wail bedewed with floods of tears. When in power they were full of egotism, of ambition for great places, of desire for the favor of the crowd and anxiety to make money. Here is a bit from two of them which

I paraphrase. In the first he writes to his intimate: "B is one of the most valuable citizens of the republic. He has genius for affairs, great learning, and is worthy of the highest positions. He is a cordial friend of mine, and I hope at some time to be where I can give him a place worthy of his extraordinary powers." Then Cicero adds, "I do not believe any of these things, but I need the man and his services. Please therefore repeat to him what I have written about him, but not as if suggested by me." I have met with politicians in life who write just such letters. The second epistle is addressed to a gentleman who had compiled several volumes of a comprehensive history of Rome. Cicero says to him, "I have never met in my reading with a work so full, complete and accurate, such a valuable contribution to our country's history, and written with such eloquence, as the volumes which have come to my attention. As you are approaching the story of Catiline's conspiracy, I would suggest instead of making a chapter of it you put it in a separate volume. As you know, I unearthed that conspiracy, defeated it, saved the republic and brought Catiline to punishment; I can furnish

you with my orations delivered in the Senate on the subject, and would also like to write some of the chapters, but of course that must not be known." This is a delicious bit of human nature, and I am acquainted with several statesmen of to-day who could emulate Cicero in this line.

While it is saddening, it is also inspiring to go among the young Americans in the great capitals of Europe who are struggling for distinction in the arts, the professions, or in science. They live on a crust and high ideals. Their hunger is for fame, a superb ambition, and yet I do not believe that Titian or Raphael, Milton or Dante, Shakespeare or Bacon wrote for fame. Their hunger was to picture, as much for their own gratification as for others, the inspired ideals which were in their minds. There was buried last week in Westminster Abbey a man who has contributed more to useful and practical scientific research than any other in this generation. His labors for nearly seventy years were the results of the impelling force of an insatiable hunger for the discovery of the truth. Lord Kelvin will live as one of the benefactors of his race whose struggle was not for the laurel

wreath, for he never thought of that, but for benefits to mankind in developing the secrets of nature.

Hunger has created heroes and influenced the destinies of races and nations. Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, but an ignoble purpose carried Greek literature, refinement, art and government to the uplifting of the effete and worn-out nations of the East. Cæsar's hunger for power consolidated the breaking fragments of Rome and for succeeding centuries was inculcating law and orderly society among barbarous and savage tribes. Napoleon's hunger for universal empire spread the ideas of the French Revolution and created modern liberalism and radicalism in Europe. Take out of the life of young America the hunger to better his conditions and advance as near as possible to ideals in politics, business, invention, adventure and finance and American progress stops and retrogression begins.

But, my friends, I am wandering far afield. The poet, the elocutionist, the delineator and the artist are waiting to entertain us. It is good fellowship which for seventy-two successive Saturday nights has

brought together this company from the fields of journalism, literature, art and the professions. I know of no title which during this holiday season, or at any other period, is more gratifying for man or woman than that of "Good Fellow," and, so far as my experience and memory run, the Hungry Club stands pre-eminent in its good fellowship.

Speech of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at the Annual Dinner of the Automobile Club in New York, on January 25, 1908.

GENTLEMEN:

This club, with its appointments, its membership and its garage, is evidence of the remarkable progress of a new industry. The presence of the very accomplished, able and distinguished Ambassador of France, who has come from Washington for the sole purpose of attending this meeting, shows the international interest in the automobile industry. In fact, the automobile, to the completion and perfection of which French genius has contributed so largely, has done more to bring France and the United States close together than anything which has occurred since Lafayette joined the American army under General Washington.

There is hardly any subject which does not have some bearing upon the views of the fathers of the Republic. The Constitution which they framed remains exactly as it came from the hands of Washington,

Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams. It so completely embodies the essentials of representative government that it was sufficient for the three millions of people, with the wilderness behind them, of their time, as it is for the ninety millions in the forty-six States of to-day. If they could revisit the scenes of their activities they would feel at home and happy on the political side, but a few days' experience of modern life would drive them back to their celestial abode. We cannot imagine the feelings of General Washington while going from New York to Washington in five hours, when in his time it took that number of days, or of riding in a trolley-car through the streets of the Capital which he was at so much pains to lay out, or of talking a thousand miles through the telephone, or of sending a wireless message to London and receiving an answer within an hour, when communication between these points in his time took one hundred and twenty days. Speed is the factor of the world's progress. Time is, and always has been, everything. Speed and time measure the capacity of the human intellect and the profitableness or failure of the farm, the mine, the factory

and the store. They enable ten times as many people to live on this earth as could have existed one hundred years ago. They have made the luxuries of a century ago the commonplace comforts of to-day. Those of us who have passed the three-score-and-ten period have witnessed most of these marvels. We have seen the clipper-ship hailed as a wonder of the world because it reduced the crossing of the Atlantic from sixty to thirty days, and we have seen the Mauritania do the same in four days and a few hours. We have seen the sloop almost driven from the Hudson River by the steamboat, and the steamboat reduced to limited usefulness by the railroad. We have seen the waterways on which our internal commerce wholly depended subordinated to the railroads because of the influence of speed upon economy in time. The horse was developed with the greatest care to accomplish the same results. A second a mile to a trotter was of national importance. But now we have the horseless carriage for the roadway and tremendous progress is being made on the airship.

There is a tradition that some old fellow perfected a three-wheeled steam road-wagon eighty years ago.

His invention lay dormant for sixty years and was of little account until seventy had passed. The automobile industry as an industrial and financial success and a commercial and pleasure necessity is not over ten years old.

Eleven years ago I was one of the committee with General Miles and others for a racing contest gotten up by John Brisben Walker for his "Cosmopolitan Magazine." All the best machines in the country, both foreign and domestic, were invited to compete. The course was along that excellent old highway, Broadway, from New York to Ardsley, a distance of twenty-two miles. About twenty entered the race. They all broke down but three, which covered the distance to Ardsley and back to the starting-place in seven hours. On the Ormond beach in Florida the automobile of to-day runs from seventy to eighty miles an hour, and in the famous Vanderbilt contest on Long Island they did equally well, while at the Weybridge Motordrome in England the machines average sixty-six miles an hour with a continuous run of twenty-four hours.

Statistics are dry, as a rule, but are at times most eloquent. In 1900 there were only three thousand

seven hundred cars in use in the United States, both imported and of American make. In 1907 there were one hundred and fifty thousand, valued at two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. It has been estimated that the cash worth of these machines was more than the assessed valuation of all the land in the States of Florida, Nevada and Oregon, with the territories of New Mexico and Arizona added. This industry, which had scarcely any recognition ten years ago, has progressed so rapidly that last year forty thousand automobiles were built, which were valued at eighty millions of dollars. The importance of this manufacture in the employment of both capital and labor has been almost wholly overlooked. There were six million one hundred and eighty thousand dollars paid last year in wages in the automobile factories of the United States, and employment given directly or indirectly to over two millions of workers. For the first few years of the ten which we are considering we were dependent almost entirely upon foreign-built machines. Their popularity and use grew so rapidly that it has been estimated that the customs receipts from this absolutely new article in

our revenue schedule for ten years exceeds the total cost of our diplomatic and consular service. It is a source of pride in which we take supreme satisfaction that we have made so much improvement upon machinery for various industries which was invented in older countries we are enabled to compete with them in all the markets of the world. Our locomotives are on the rails in Europe, Asia and Africa. Our electrical trolley systems are in the cities of all these continents and in Australia. Our agricultural implements are plowing the fields which were trodden by Roman soldiers and the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals. In the hot competition to meet the constantly increasing demand, our manufacturers of automobiles have so perfected their carriages that last year we invaded with over three thousand machines every country in Europe, including France, the home of the automobile, and our greatest exportation was to Great Britain.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the automobile wagon for delivering goods in great cities and their suburbs. Storekeepers have felt it in the enlargement of their business and the reduction of cost.

Working men and women have felt it in increase of employment, and the consumer in cheaper goods and quicker delivery. The rural delivery carrier extends his area, and more outlying homes are brought within reach of this beneficent adjunct to the post office. The motor cab enables the woman shopper and the man of business to cover three times the amount of territory in comfort that was formerly accomplished with effort and fatigue.

On the health side I know from experience that the ozone which is driven into the lungs by riding in an open car at a fair speed is a specific cure for insomnia and nervous troubles. Sanity and levelheadedness, together with healthy living, have come to those who have found it possible to live in the country and motor to their business places in the city and return to their homes.

To the American tourist on the continent and in the British Isles the automobile has given an intimate knowledge of the civilization, habits and condition of the people, of the art treasures in wayside village churches, of history and scenery, never possible before except to the foot traveler to whom time was no

object, and who would acquire in six months of tramping only a portion of the pleasure and information which is now secured in six weeks by the automobilist. Conversation, which largely depends upon narrative—and narrative is barren without imagination—was becoming a lost art. It was being driven out by the absorption and cares of business and the preoccupation of bridge whist. But the automobile tourists have an inexhaustible fund of recreation and education in the interchange of their experiences. The automobile has brought to the front and given both a platform and an audience to the genius who once added so much to the gayety of nations and is known as the cheerful liar.

With the same thought with which I began—speed and transportation—there is no subject more important to the farms and markets of the United States than good roads. Nothing has done so much to stimulate inquiry and activity in legislatures and local communities on this subject as the automobile. We have two million one hundred thousand miles of roads in this country, and of these only one hundred thousand are in any way improved. The rest are prac-

tically impassable several months in the year, and during the other months reduce the tonnage and increase the cost of carriage to a point which is destructive to agricultural values and prosperity, except along the lines of railroads and navigable rivers. It costs many dollars a ton a mile on a poor road and on a good one only twenty-five cents a ton, or thereabouts, to move farm products to market. Our trouble comes mainly from the fact that there is no concentration of authority in the building and the maintenance of highways. It would be difficult for the work to be done by the general government, and it is neglected sadly in the States. Massachusetts has made notable progress, and we in New York have done admirably by our fifty million bond appropriation, but the system in our State of town highway commissioners, with the small area of our towns, is fatal to the maintenance of good roads. The automobilist traveling through France is filled with admiration at the excellence and the admirable condition of its highways. There are twenty-three thousand miles of road in that country built and maintained by the government. There is an inspector for every mile, whose

duty it is to go over his section every day and repair any damage which has occurred. Every few miles constitute a district, and over that district is an engineer, who frequently investigates the work of the inspectors. He in turn reports to an engineer of a larger area, until finally the condition of all the roads and their administration come at frequent intervals into the department of the Minister of Public Works. There is under this system efficiency and economy unknown to our haphazard, wasteful and extravagant ways. We spend upon the seventy-four thousand miles of roads in the State of New York two million eight hundred thousand dollars a year to keep them in order, or almost forty dollars a mile. This vast sum is laid out without any local or general inspection or supervision, and most of it wasted. The same is true of the eighty millions of dollars a year which are spent upon the two million miles of highways in the United States. With roads which are in good order and kept so the year around there is ten dollars an acre added to the value of the farms, which would increase the farm wealth of our own State of New York nearly two hundred and eighty millions of dol-

lars. There are one hundred and fifty thousand automobile owners in our country, and everyone of them is an active agitator for the improvement of the highways. He is more than this—he is a teacher for improved systems in the government and management of country roads.

This vast industry is destined to grow in the future almost as rapidly as it has advanced in the last decade. New uses will be found for the automobile because of the constant necessity in our highly organized civilization for economy of time and economy in speed. Its enemies are the reckless chauffeurs, incompetent drivers and scorchers. They are the cause of hostile legislation; they make the village authorities vindictive, and are responsible for frequent arrests for violation of impossible regulations to limit speed. The automobilists themselves must formulate and present to the legislatures wise provisions of law. Licenses should be given only upon rigid examinations and withdrawn as a penalty for violation of the statutes.

Speedways for automobiles will become as frequent as race tracks are for horses. There the racers will not risk the lives of others or injure the machines of those

who have them only for ordinary use or pleasure. There the sports can tempt Providence and defy the laws of safety. Even these races have their uses. They test not only the power and speed, but the safety and endurance of machines of different make. They furnish suggestions for improvements which are of value to the trade. Endurance contests also have their uses. The race from Pekin to Paris was universally laughed at when first suggested. It was, however, successfully accomplished and won by Prince Borghese with his Italian car. Its historian has left a fascinating narrative of the journey. One of its results was to demonstrate that the caravan route over which the vast trade in tea and the return in manufactured products between China and Russia is transported, which now requires by camels about twenty days, can be traversed by the automobile in four. Here again speed revolutionizes with its economies one of the famous century-old transportation routes of the world. The other scheme now under preparation and soon to be launched is the race from New York to Paris across the Behring Strait, which will undoubtedly have a wonderful economic value in

demonstrating the possibilities of the motor through our own Alaska and the Canadian wilds.

The last to take up the automobile have been railroad men. They are accustomed to expect roadbed, ties, rails, wheels and the machinery of the locomotive to be perfect for twenty miles an hour and upward. The automobilist does his forty or fifty upon an ordinary highway with only a rubber tire and a pneumatic tube between him and eternity. If he picks up a nail or his steering gear gives out the morning paper tells the rest, and mourning friends lament his indiscretions. Stevenson, the great English engineer, was asked what the difference was in danger between fifty and a hundred miles an hour with the locomotive. He said, "None, because if you leave the track you will go to Hell with either." The condition with Stevenson was that you must go off the track, but with the automobilist there are numberless conditions beside the track, and therefore constant inspection of the machine, vigilance in its operation, and proved intelligence in the driver are absolutely essential.

Going over an Austrian road last summer I found

the farmers exceedingly hostile, and saw many wrecks of country wagons by the roadside. On making inquiry as to why there should be this hostility where before there had been nothing but courtesy, I found that two American parties had rushed through with their machines at over fifty miles an hour. They had left in their wake frightened horses, upset family vehicles, runaway teams, and a holocaust of geese and chickens. But they had left more—an intense and increasing local hostility to all automobile tourists.

The automobile has destroyed some old-fashioned romances. Three-fourths of the families and happy homes in the villages and countryside are due to the side-bar buggy. The old family horse takes in the situation. One hand alone holds the reins, and when in absolute trustfulness the reins are dropped upon the dashboard and both arms are free the bans are published the next Sunday and the romance happily ends in matrimony. But in these days, when the girl is often the chauffeur and intent upon the wheel, while her beau is watching the speedometer and filled with selfish fears for himself, the romance of the road is impossible. I think it is one of the causes which leads

to the complaint of the sociologist of the increase of bachelors and spinsters.

Often arrests have their humorous side. One evening my chauffeur was taking our family to the theatre. It seemed to us that he was going at an ordinary rate, but at the theatre the bicycle policeman arrested him. I had to abandon the family and the play and go with him to the police station. The police captain was very courteous, but he had to obey the law and took bail for the chauffeur's appearance at the police court in the morning. I went there with him early. The victims inside the iron fence were the unfortunates who had been picked up on the street at night, mainly from too great conviviality. As I stood opposite the chauffeur, awaiting his turn to be called, one drunkard who had seen better days wandered sympathetically over to me and said in a whisper, "Senator, I am sorry to see you in here." He thought his experience had been duplicated by me.

In Bohemia a team a hundred yards distant from us while we were going slowly down a hill turned around, broke the pole of the wagon, which was loaded with stone, and trotted off. We took on the

driver and carried him to where his horses were grazing alongside of the road. Next day a local lawyer wrote a letter to me saying that unless I paid thirty dollars for damages done to his client, a dollar and seventy-five cents for his fee, and two cents for the postage stamp he would attach the machine. I sent my guide to interview him, telling him to say to the man of the law that his fee was all right anyhow, and he settled for twenty dollars. I have been for over forty years on the railroad side of the negligence bar of the United States and never met with a case of such modesty. With the American lawyer the cow is always an Alderney, the horse a blue-blooded Morgan, the wagon made by Brewster, and the lawyer has a contract with his client for half of what he recovers.

Gentlemen, you have done wisely in organizing this club. It should have other purposes than a garage for automobiles and rooms for club life. It should be active in investigating and promoting the best interests of the industry, in looking for fields for its extension, and in suggesting wise legislation, general and local, for the safety and comfort of both the public and the automobilist.

[illegible] 1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 763 314 0